

CONSTANTINE AND SMOLENSKI TO THE JOURNAL.

Tell of the Re-
treat from
Mati.

FOR FIRST TIME
Declarations to
Public Through
This Paper.

DEFENCE OF PRINCE.
He Declares He Gave
No Orders to
Retreat.

"MY HEART WAS BROKEN"

Prince Grieves at the Rout,
but Had to Abandon
Larissa.

GEN. SMOLENSKI IS INDIGNANT.

Boldly Tells the Journal Commis-
sioner That Constantine
Was at Fault.

HE WEPT WHEN FALLING BACK.

Was Making a Good Fight and Could
Hardly Believe He Was Ordered
to Quit His Position.

CROWN PRINCE CON-
STANTINE, Command-
er-in-Chief of the Greek
army, and General Smo-
lenski, the officer whose brave and
successful defence of Velesino has
made him the most popular leader
in the Greek army, have taken ad-
vantage of the world-wide public-
ity of the Journal's columns to ex-
plain to a wondering world the
fiasco at Mati and Larissa.

While General Smolenski's army
was bravely and successfully hold-
ing the Reveni Pass, leading from
the plains of Grecian Thessaly into
the Turkish plains of Damasi,
against the Moslem horde, and dur-
ing the ferocious battle that was
being fought at Boughese, hard by
Reveni, the order came from the
rear for the Greek army to retreat.
The Greeks had been more than
holding their own, and when the
order reached General Smolenski
he was astounded. He protested,
but in vain. The order was given
to other officers and spread through
the ranks, and Smolenski, seeing
the army becoming rapidly disor-
ganized, repeated formally the
order to retreat. Begun at Mati,
the retreat, which was made from
there in perfect order, became al-
most a panic by the time the troops
reached Larissa.

There the further order was
issued from the Crown Prince's staff
headquarters for the whole army to
fall back upon Pharsala.

Thereupon panic, it was declared,
spread throughout the army, and
the retreat to Pharsala developed
into a wild, indiscriminate flight, in
which women and children were
trampled upon by the frightened
soldiers, the latter even turning and
firing during the night upon their
comrades, the alarm having been
given that Turks were upon them.

Dozens of different versions of
the affair have been cabled, guessed
at and advanced by correspondents
who were in the van of the flight,
and in all of these accounts it
seemed to be taken for granted that
Crown Prince Constantine had
given the fateful order, and that he



General Smolenski, the Greek Army Hero.

General Smolenski, whose victory at Velesino over the Turks has made him the popular idol of the Greeks, tells Franklin Bouillon, the Journal correspondent with the Greek army at Velesino, the causes of the disastrous retreat to Pharsala and inferentially lays the blame for it on Crown Prince Constantine and the inefficiency of the Prince's staff. The Journal is indebted to Mr. S. Vlasto, editor of the Greek newspaper Atalantis, for the above portrait.

By Franklin Bouillon.
(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)

VELISTINO, May 3.—I have had an interesting interview with
General Smolenski, who is now the hero of the Greek people. He
was indignant over the rout of the Greeks at Mati. He said:

"How did all this come about? It was a panic without a reason,
a retreat without an excuse. Those troops at Mati must not be re-
proached with cowardice. They were the same as those with which we fought
at Reveni for five days against tremendous odds and still made headway. Be-
lieve me, it was blundering on the part of the staff, and nothing else, that
drove them into a panic.

"How are men to fight if they lose confidence in their leaders? I will not
attack the fallen, but you were there, and I am ready to stand by the judg-
ment of an impartial witness.

Men Not Disheartened.

"They say the army was disheartened. Nonsense! The men were ready to
go ahead anywhere, but how were they to understand a policy of continual re-
treat without defeat? Our soldiers are like the French. They want to go
always ahead, but want to see all the officers always in the lead. I repeat, the
troops we led—Dimopoulo, Jannicosta and myself—from Reveni and Boughese,
were the very same; but then we did go ahead, and our men knew the Turks
never would compel us to retreat."

"But," I asked, "who gave orders for your retreat?"

"I may tell you whom the order came from. From Prince Constantine. I
refused to believe it. I waited, and a second and more pressing order followed.
I began to understand what fault had been committed. I saw, however, what
would be the consequences if I refused to obey, and disregarded the misjudged
order, and when the third came, insisting on an immediate withdrawal and
announcing that no troops were left north of Larissa, I saw all was lost, and
thought only of saving for the country the brave corps that had followed me
inside the Turkish frontier.

A Perfect Retreat.

"Our retreat was in perfect order. Nothing was lost, and there was not the
slightest confusion. We marched back with our eyes full of tears. We saw
our hopes blighted, a province lost and a shadow cast on the honor of our
army. We were depressed, no doubt, but on our way to Pharsala we thought
our brave army had been betrayed, and hoped that our energy would allow us
to repair the mischief. Now we are here to try to do it.

"I am here to defend Volo. The Turks must pass over me to reach Volo,
and I will die hard, I can tell you. I should prefer marching on Larissa, but
cannot do it alone. I ought to be helped. There should be combined action of
the staff and Prince at Pharsala, but those people are slow.

"When the army is completely reformed at Pharsala, then we will combine
with the fleet, and hope to be more successful.

"We have few friends, and appreciate them the more. Tell our friends in
America that they need not despair as yet. We mean to deserve their friend-
ship by acting up to the hard-earned reputation of our country."

had done so through cowardice.

The Turks were greatly aston-
ished at the retreat, and Larissa
was deserted two days before Ed-
hem Pasha occupied the city with
his army.

It remained for the Journal to
obtain the facts in the story of the
retreat. Only from the person held
responsible for the disaster and the
person who was ordered to retreat
were these facts to be obtained.

These were the Crown Prince him-

self and General Smolenski. The
Journal offered to these, through
two of its correspondents at the
front—John Bass at Pharsala and
Franklin Bouillon, at Velesino—the
great publicity of its columns
for statements which would clear
up the matter and give to the world
the facts in an incident which was
to become historic.

The Crown Prince, at Pharsala,
expressed himself pleased at the op-

Continued on Second Page.



Crown Prince Constantine of Greece.

Crown Prince Constantine, Commander-in-Chief of the Greek army, has
been unreservedly blamed for the disastrous retreat of the Greeks from
Larissa and its neighborhood. John Bass, the Journal's correspondent with
the Greek army at Pharsala, has offered the Prince the columns of the
Journal in which to state the exact circumstances of the retreat, and the
Prince has gladly availed himself of the opportunity, declaring that, though
he was not at fault, he took the whole responsibility, and averring that the
wisdom of the army taking up its position at Pharsala would later be
shown.

By John Bass.
(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)

PARSALA, May 4.—I have just had the honor of a conver-
sation with His Royal Highness, Crown Prince Constantine, commander-
in-chief of the Greek army. The Prince is now staying with his staff
in a very plain house, which may still be considered a palace in Phar-
sala. It stands just outside the town on the slope of the mountains which sur-
round a magnificent plain, in which for a second time the fate of a country will
perhaps be settled in a few days.

In the distance you can see battalions of the Greek army, a black mass on
the green fields. They are the men I saw at Mati fighting so gallantly
against the Turks. Poor fellows, I did not think that we should meet them
here when the campaign had opened so well.

"When I last had the honor of seeing your Royal Highness," said I to the
Prince, "I little thought events would take such a disastrous turn. Our hopes
have been sadly deceived, and the friends of Greece are at a loss to explain how
or why the forces of the country were suddenly withdrawn from the frontier,
leaving the country open to the Turks."

The Prince's Statement.

"I am well aware," His Highness answered, "that our decision has been
very adversely criticised in Greece and elsewhere. Still, as chief of the army,
I mean to take the full responsibility for all that has been done, but at the
same time I am happy that an opportunity is given me to contradict false and
absurd stories now going about as regards the part I played at Larissa.

"You have seen the way our troops fought in the few days the campaign
lasted. I was in the front, as was my duty, and I may say that the idea never
crossed my mind that a retreat was necessary. They now reproach me for
having given orders to leave our positions. You are at liberty to declare that
no such order was even penned by me. I know our soldiers too well and was
always in favor of going ahead.

Gave Orders to Go Forward.

"I felt, and I still hold the same opinion, that we could stand our ground.
The truth is, all my orders to the commanders of forces might be summed up
in two words: 'Push forward!'"

"However, those in command, upon their own responsibility and for rea-
sons I cannot discuss, ordered the retreat from Mati and Derella. When once I
was confronted with the fact that a retreat had been ordered and actually was
proceeding, I took it upon me to leave Larissa and bring back the army to
Pharsala, where we should occupy a practically impregnable position.

"Yes, I take the full responsibility of the order. I was absolutely convinced
that a retreating army could not be trusted to re-form in the open plain in
which Larissa is situated.

Cannot Be Blamed.

"They blame me now because it has been learned that the Turkish army
waited two days before venturing to occupy the town, but how is a general
to reckon on the slowness of his adversary's movements? Who could imagine
that Edhem would thus waste time? And was it not more natural to expect the
Turkish cavalry would surround the town in a few hours, thus cutting off all
retreat and obliging our army to surrender?"

"My duty as chief of the army was to secure the safety of the country, to
guard it against any surprise. When time has passed over these events and peo-
ple can judge coolly, I still believe my action will be considered as the wisest
that could have been taken under the circumstances.

"Certainly, my heart broke when I realized that I must abandon Larissa to
its fate. However, we did what we had to do."

"But now that events have driven you to bring back your army," I said to
His Highness, "may I ask whether you expect the war to continue?"

The Greeks Fighting Bravely.

"You have seen," His Highness answered, "how our soldiers have been

Continued on Second Page.

NOBLESSE DIE IN A FIERY FURNACE.

Two Hundred of France's Aris-
tocracy Perish in a Blaz-
ing Bazaar.

Paris Building in Which a Fancy Fair
Is Held Burns Down in
Twelve Minutes.

Panic Follows the Alarm of Fire---Women
Trampled Under Foot---Blazing Roof
Falls on a Struggling Crowd.

Paris, May 4.—One hundred blackened,
almost unrecognizable corpses are lying to-
night in the Palais de l'Industrie. At least
100 incinerated bodies are beneath the
smoking ruins of a building in the Rue
Jean-Goujon, and 250 badly burned people
are in hospitals. Many of them are ex-
pected to die.

This terrible loss of life occurred in a
fire which broke out at 4 o'clock this af-
ternoon in a crowded charitable bazaar in
the Rue Jean-Goujon, at which the Duchesse
d'Uzes and other well-known patronesses
were present.

The flames were first discovered above
the stall occupied by the Duchesse d'Uzes
while the place was densely crowded with
well known society people, the holding of
the bazaar in the cause of charity being

of the wall about fifteen yards away.
Hardly had I done so when a gentleman be-
hind me cried: 'Fire, ladies; hasten out,'
and pushed me toward the door rather, but
fortunately for me, roughly.

Keep Her Wits About Her.

"As this was my second experience under
such circumstances, I advised my two
friends to raise their skirts in the front so
they would not stumble over them. We
were then just stepping on the first of
three steps leading out of the building.
Turning my head to look back, I saw the
whole place in flames. At my left I caught
a glimpse of an old lady emerging from an
adjacent door and saw her stumble on her
skirt. The next instant quite twenty per-
sons piled on top of her. I crossed the
street and turned round to face the fire,



Duchesse d'Uzes.

It was in the booth over which this well-known society leader of Paris pre-
sided that the terrible fire started yesterday. The Duchess was among the per-
sons injured.

an annual function presided over by the
leaders of Parisian society.

Terrible Panic Caused.

A terrible panic and crush followed the
alarm of fire. There was a wild rush for
the exits, and the weaker persons were
trampled on after having been knocked
down in the stampede. The inflammable
nature of the building and its contents
caused the flames to spread with great
rapidity, and in a very short time the bazaar
was a mass of flames.

One of the best descriptions of what oc-
curred in the building after the fire broke
out is given by Miss 'Elsie Bushbeck, of
Philadelphia, who, with the Misses Haw-
thorn and Dreher, was one of the few who
escaped, although not unscathed. Miss
Bushbeck said:

"I was a saleswoman at Booth No. 15,
close to the place where the fire originated.
I arrived at ten minutes past four with
my friends. We left our wraps and hats
in the cloakroom and went to my booth,
where four nuns presided. In the booth
were three blind girls working, one read-
ing the blind alphabet, the other writing
and the third making brushes.

"The lady presiding over that section of
the bazaar told me I need not hurry, but
that it would be all right if I came a little
later. I started to look around the bazaar
and stopped at a lottery wheel, where I
won a bunch of asparagus. Just then, hap-
pening to turn around, I saw and called my
friends' attention to a flicker in the corner

but already the heat was so intense that
it scorched me and I was obliged to raise
my hands to protect my face.

"When the roof fell in with a terrific
crash certainly not more than five minutes
had elapsed from the first alarm. Such was
the intensity of the heat that I saw a fire-
man's jacket ignited and several of the
horses were badly singed. Out of the pile
of persons who fell near the door none was
saved. All were burned in a moment. Of
the nuns at my booth two were saved, and
one blind girl. The burned visitors were
for the most part ladies most gorgeously
dressed."

Fire Burned Swiftly.

Before the firemen had time to arrive
the roof of the bazaar crashed in, burying
numbers of those who had been unable to
escape from the building. Very soon after
the alarm was given assistance was hur-
ried to the burning bazaar and effective
help was rapidly organized between the
firemen and the policemen.

The police officers from the Palais de
l'Industrie strove energetically to release
the victims from the burning building, but
every door was jammed with struggling
women, shrieking in mad terror, while
from the inside came piercing cries of de-
spair.

Although an alarm was sent out with
reasonable promptness, the whole wooden
structure was blazing before the firemen
could approach the bazaar, and when they
were within a short distance of it the roof